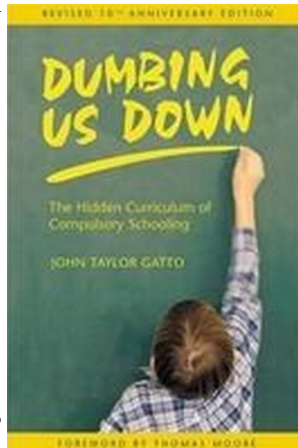


ORANGE WORMS

Every morning I watch the orange worms stop at the corner public school pick up point and eat the children waiting there. None look at all happy with their heavily loaded back packs similar to the



military load each soldier carries marching in the field. The worm consumes them voraciously. Then moves on its morning route repeating its ritual dutifully at every stop. One can see these disenfranchised children staring out of the open side lights as if seated on death row, off they go to state conditioning centers that are mandatory for all earth slaves; totally supported and funded by them enforced by violence of law through a gun barrel. That is the law made by bad lawmakers or slave master lackeys employed by earth slave owners, supposedly working for we the sheeple. The perfect slave is one who says, 'I am not a slave.' The children know they are enslaved but to protest only makes things worse for them. The whips and chains though invisible thrash real as any cat-o-tails sting. So they bide their time until..... Ayn Rand wrote of the child deformaters called comprachico's. A vile lot they were buying up children to deform into monsters & circus freaks sold to aristocracy bored in their stolen wealth seeking entertainment. They bought these freaks to abuse, amuse as court jesters and fools. Now days these worms and conditioning centers deform children in a much worse sense. Instead of just crippling their bodies the conditioning comprachico's cripple minds and bodies to serve the corporate-church-police-state. They are taught to run on the human rat wheel chasing elusive dangling carrots they will never taste. They die crazy or wait to die as living dead until peace comes releasing them from this earthly hell and prison. After another day of Comprachicos torture, the orange worms again come to the corner and vomit up its contents of children with brains and minds more scrambled today than yesterday. The comprachico's work is done for another day. As latch-key kids they struggle to fill their empty homes & lives but are again force fed by TV, mass consumption and worse technological media Comprachicos to self degrade and destruct chasing illusions such as the Great American Dream; one has to be sleeping to believe it. Parents are away chasing that elusive dangling carrot as role models; exactly as they were taught to be as good little company wage slaves; matters not where or for whom, church, state, Inc., it's all the same enslavement just in a different dungeon, behind different bars, doing life on prison planet earth.....Mother why did you bring me into this hell? You Bitch!!

God is a Concept by which we measure our pain. John Lennon.

As soon as you're born they make you feel small
 By giving you no time instead of it all
 'Til the pain is so big you feel nothing at all
 They hurt you at home and they hit you at school
 They hate you if you're clever and they despise a
 fool 'Til you're so fucking crazy you can't follow
 their rules
 When they've tortured and scared you for 20 odd
 years Then they expect you to pick a career
 When you can't really function, you're so full of
 fear

Keep you doped with religion, and sex, and T.V.
 And you think you're so clever and classless and
 free But you're still fucking peasants as far as I
 can see

There's room at the top they are telling you still
 But first you must learn how to smile as you kill
 If you want to be like the folks on the hill.....

John Lennon.

The Monopoly.

*Education doesn't make you
 smarter or better.*



My grandmother was a wonderful person. She taught me how to play the game Monopoly.[™] She understood that the name of the game is to acquire. She accumulated everything she could and eventually controlled the board. Then she would take my last dollar and always look me in the eye to say the same thing: “One day, you will learn to play the game.” My first summer as a newly minted Feminist fresh out of college, I played Monopoly with a friend almost every day, all day long, and that summer I learned to play the game. I came to understand that the only way to win is to make a total commitment to acquisition. I came to understand that money, possessions and power – are the way that you keep score. By the end of that summer, I was more ruthless than my illiterate, world smart, old fashioned grandmother... to win the game, I learned to bend and break people and the rules. I sat down with her to play that fall. I took everything she had. I destroyed her financially, psychologically, and spiritually. I watched her lose every dollar and quit in gross defeat. Then she had one more thing to teach me. She said, “Now it all goes back in the box. All those houses and hotels; all the railroads and utility companies... All that property, political power, highbrow education and wonderful money... Now it all goes back into the box.” But! I worked so hard to get it all; I do not want it to go back in the box! “*SIGH*!,’ she said, “None of it was really yours. Nothing in life really belongs

to anyone at all; it never has or ever will. Nobody ever left here with a speck of anything from this place. You got all heated up about it for a while. But the game was around a long time before you sat down at the board and it will be here long after you're gone: players come, players go – the game always ends the same: everything goes back into the box. Houses and cars... Titles and clothes... Even your body." Suddenly, I realized the fact that everything I clutch, consume, hoard, fight, beg and compete for is going back into the box; I lose it all. Therefore – ask yourself; when you finally get the ultimate promotion or meet the ultimate person, have achieved the ultimate education, when you have made the ultimate purchase, when you buy the ultimate home, when you have stored up financial security and power and climbed the Ideologue ladder of success to the highest Ideological rung that you can possibly climb [a perfect feminist] ... and the thrill wears off – and it always wears off – then what? How far must you walk down that road before understanding where it leads? I never understood what people are thinking when screwing over everyone else for percentages of the take, action, or loot. Surely, you realize – it is never enough! One forfeits everything making the final trip out of here in a decorated box, covered with flowers, riding in the back of a black limousine, to spend eternity in a graveyard ENCHAINED by all that baggage. So one must ask these questions: What is the point of living! What matters?

Cancer is nature's way of thinning out the herds; it is totally equal, unbiased, non-subjective, non-denominational, non-ideological, unlawful, does not care about you or your feelings and nothing can change that; The Crab loves people. Once it's grabbed you with its pincers, it won't let go till you croak; 'straight from the operating table on to the morgue slab. everyone dies to face the maker; in only one visit, a person loses everything: all their personal status, reputation and plans for the future; the universe does not care; nothing matters; nobody feels your pain; nobody cares either; life is worthlessly - pointless beyond that experience; when suddenly you realize that 'I lived that pointless experience all wrong' being true to others and not to self in toto; it is then when your whole happy life, so well thought out, so harmonious and useful, ends as a pile of dust scattered by the wind; sometimes you eat the crab; sometimes the crab eats you.....unknown.



THAT'S ALL FOLKS! OUT OF THE BLUE INTO THE BLACK YONDER.